

THOUSANDS WATCHING GAME ON "HERALD" SCOREBOARD



YANKS BEAT GIANTS, 3-0, IN WORLD SERIES OPENER

Continued from First Page.

servedly, because it was a fine, smart, courageous piece of baseball. Moreover, it succeeded, which is the best test. That steal of home, one of the few in world series history, broke the heart of the Giants for the day and put young Mr. McNally upon the hero's pedestal.

Another Yankee who played like a flame over the field was Peckinpaugh, the captain. Nothing that shot toward him, in his general direction, anywhere about, was too fast or too hard or too difficult, and lovers of baseball have seldom seen a finer exhibition of skill in the short field of the diamond. Aaron Ward at second was hardly less expert and reliable.

As for Babe Ruth—well, the Babe's day was a bit spotty. He started right off in the first inning by driving out a clean single that sent Miller in with the first Yankee run. The next time he came up he got a base on balls, though Douglas showed no fear of the Babe's prowess and did not walk him intentionally. And the next two times he struck out—abjectly and completely struck out—and was the sorest lad in the metropolitan district. To-day, however, is another day, and the wise pitcher builds no false hopes upon the strikeouts of George Herman Ruth.

For the Giants heroes were somewhat scarier. They are never so numerous upon the losing team anyway, and yesterday was not the best sample of what the men of McGraw can do. They were so weak and wabby and helpless against the bewilderingly mixed assortment of rising stars and upturning curves shot at them by Mr. Mays that they looked anything but their best.

Frish was by far the most brilliant of their aggregation, outshining the rest of the team by four to one, a delight to the eye in his base running and brimful of courage always. Pitcher Douglas, though beaten and beaten early, deserved a better fate and has no reason to feel ashamed about his work of yesterday. His comrades could not help him, that's all.

Big George Kelly, the pet home run hitter of the Giants, was no more useful against Mays than his fellows. The Giants lacked the punch. Admittedly, speed, they were beaten by the speed of the Yankees. Famous for resourcefulness, they were outguessed and outmaneuvered by their rivals.

Art and Beauty in Baseball.

Pitchers' battles are not particularly thrilling contests, because in such cases neither side is apt to show at its best. Neither side looks as strong as it really may be. There is a succession and series of footy little grounders and futile little pop flies as man after man walks to the plate, turns around and walks right back to the bench again. It's art, but it isn't baseball. Nobody gets excited about it.

The crash and smash of home run hitting is what stirs up the human animal and persuades him to rise upon his one-time hind legs and howl. The crack and smack of bat against ball and the gay sight of the soaring sphere—soaring out of sight preferably—are the attributes of a baseball game that make spectators rise and cause a delightful commotion.

Home running was dull in the afternoon of yesterday. The Mr. Mays hereinafter mentioned was seeing it that no Giants had that pleasure, and the before mentioned Mr. Douglas attended to Yankee aspirations just as effectually. There was a two bagger now and then and a three bagger by Bob Meusel of the Yankees, which were not allowed because B-other Robert overlooked the rule that states that first base must be nudged gently by the toe in motion. Otherwise the hitting was feathery light and baseball enthusiasts had to take their pleasure in the coruscating fielding and in the base running of McNally and Frish.

So much for the game—not an unattractive nor really uninteresting game, but lacking the fireworks and the bombardment it might have had. The curious feature of yesterday's public party at the Polo Grounds was the relatively small size of the world series crowd and the marked spiritlessness of it.

Size of Crowd Disappointing.

Every imaginable consideration pointed to a record breaking drive at the Polo Grounds. Here was the first intracity contest for a world's title that New York ever had succeeded in wrestling from circumstances. That alone should have brought out the biggest

crowd in history, one would have thought.

Moreover, both teams, Giants and Yankees, are popular. Each has a host of followers that have been boasting and boasting for days on end. Moreover, there have been occasions not so dramatic as the first game of a world series when the Brush Stadium and its environs were overburdened with humanity, filled and running over. 33,000 to 40,000 people paying real money for the entertainment of baseball.

The last time the Cleveland team of the American League was here playing the Yankees the series that meant the league crown was very hot and many persons on hand showed up yesterday. Let somebody else explain it.

Of course a variety of explanations are offered. One is that preliminary accounts of the demand for seats had convinced many persons that it was useless to try to get inside the grounds. Some thousands may have held back on that account. Then the weather changed sharply overnight, a chilly day coming hard upon a rainstorm in the dark hours, and some other thousands—women, one might guess—decided to risk a cold from sitting three or four hours in such frigid weather.

Again, the police instructions about maintaining lines in and around the Polo Grounds were very rigid and many persons without tickets were prevented from coming north of 134th street and so had no chance to buy tickets that were freely available at the box office. At any rate there were scarcely 30,000 persons on hand for the first big game.

Even so, one had a right to expect a lively crowd, a crowd with zip and zest and glimmer. One had a right to expect colorful commotion, howls and hoots and raucous laughter and such like demonstration. One surely had a right to look for the stunts of former world series games in this city, the massed cheerers, the beflagged and beribboned delegations, the battalions of megaphones, the rattles and horns and peace disturbers that made a merry din in the long gone days of the Giants-Athletics contests.

Lack of Pep Shown by Crowd.

But there was nothing of the sort. There were no even song boasters except a rare, faint creature that lifted itself just before the game and played its thin appeal. Song boasters may not be the salt of the earth, but they help one from getting lonesome at such times. They were missed keenly yesterday.

No, there were none of the former cheerful noises of other world series as seen or as read about. The whole crowd was distinctly apathetic. Possibly Ruth's steal of home had been a roof if he had hit the ball out of the grounds for one of his specials, but he didn't, and so there is an end to that. Nothing seemed to make much difference, although the Yankees appeared to be favorites with the majority of the crowd—not wildly so, just mildly, gently so.

Nobody got excited about anything. Mike McNally's steal of home woke up the animals about as much as any other incident, but it was light cheering. Even when Babe Ruth twice slashed the helpless air and scowled at the Honor the time there was not that howl of delight that some have heard rip the quiet of things.

Several people sitting around were trying to find a reason for the dimality of the occasion. Here was a big game, the first, indeed, a charming October day, cool but not too cool, and as bright as a diamond with plenty of free ozone and spirit mulling zest in the air; lots of people, well known players, much uncertainty, yet nobody's heart seemed to beat much faster than common.

Guessing on Cause of Apathy.

Several reasons were ventured—not reasons but speculations—that baseball may not, after all, be as popular as some folk suppose. That the high prices of world series tickets. The left little enthusiasm for this particular form of baseball contest, and that the intricacy character of the affair lessened world series interest instead of enhancing it. As for the last specious reason, some thought that if the series had been between the Yankees and Pittsburgh or between the Giants and Cleveland there would have been a much bigger do and a more colorful scene all around. One does not know. The comments are offered for what they may suggest.

Bleachers Filled Soon.

The bleachers were already well filled at eleven o'clock, and in them and the sparsely tenanted upper tier of the grandstand men were taking comfort in overcoats, while the few women already on hand were nesting in their furs. The warmth, the coziness was grateful, because the thermometer stood at a temperature of 45 degrees and there was that in the rising air which suggested a football game rather than baseball, a sport of hot sun and sweating athletes.

But the spectacle of overcoats and the slight chill that nipped the fingers was, after all, only suggestions of football. Otherwise, in every sight and sound, the picture was baseball. It lacked the flags and the surging enthusiasm of football, and it lacked, too, the feel of the purely amateur event.

Men who had been to many world series games expressed the opinion that the crowd was trickling in with unwonted slowness and without the high spirits of former years. The immense stands used to be filled at 11 o'clock with crowds that made vast noises. But yesterday at noon there were not 500 people in the lower grandstand and the upper stand was only about half full. The reason for this, probably, was that the lower stand was entirely reserved

and ticket holders were waiting for their lunch before going to the grounds, knowing that their seats would be held for them.

The Giants, led by Coach Casey Dolan, reached the playing field from the clubhouse just as the big clock set in the back fence of the right field bleachers marked 12:25 o'clock. The noise really began then, and the National League champions began their practice in front of their dugout—the home dugout—because yesterday, the Giants were the home team and the Yankees occupied the visitors' quarters.

Change Dugouts To-day.

To-day things will be different. Then the Yankees will be at home and the Giants will be in the dugout reserved for the alien enemy. The Giants were roughly cheered when they came across the field and began practicing, but the first really big yell of the day went up when the Yankees came on, led by Miller Huggins. Close behind the manager of the American League champions walked the giant Babe Ruth, his round face bright with smiles as he lugged a huge bat with which he hoped to smash the hopes of the Giant pitchers.

Baseholders began dropping in rapidly about 1 o'clock, and before long the boxes were filled with as many prominent people as attended the fight between Dempsey and Carpenter at Jersey City. Sir Harry Lauder was recognized as he entered a box and received a cheer. Then came former Gov. Smith, waving his hand as a few hundred greeted him with "Oh, you all!"

The boss of all baseball, Judge Keesee, saw M. Landis, was an early arrival in the National Commission's box. Other notables scattered about the grandstand were William H. Edwards, Thomas E. Foley, William J. Burns, head of the bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice; W. H. Moran, chief of the United States secret service; August Hermann, owner of the Cincinnati club; George Washington Grant, owner of the Boston Braves; Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney-General of the United States; Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall; Albert D. Lasker, head of the United States Shipping Board; Harry Payne Whitney; Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner of New York; Charles H. Sabin, chairman of the board of the Guaranty Trust Company; C. K. G. Billings; Tex Rickard, most famous of all sport promoters; William G. McAdoo, Stephen B. Elkins, John D. Ryan, William E. Corey and hundreds equally well known.

Stars of Business World There.

Every profession and business was represented by its first magnitude stars in the Polo Grounds, except that the latter was limited in terms of financial power and dollars yesterday would have been written down in staggering figures.

There were probably more picture men on hand and about the grounds had even been seen at a world series game. At least three camera men ran and jumped about the field for every ball player on both teams, with Ruth the center of all their action. The Bambino was photographed in every conceivable pose and from every angle, and when the photographers gave him a rest for a minute they snapped Frank Frish and the other Giant and Yankee stars.

There was more activity in the big press enclosure than anywhere else on the grounds, because at least 500 newspaper writers were on the job flashing out to an anticipatory world the least bit of news about the players on both clubs. Almost 200 of these were from other cities, where the interest in the series is but little less keen than in New York. There were some writers on hand, in fact, that the ordinary press enclosure was too small, and a section of press seats rising all the way back to the wall of the lower grand stand was built in to accommodate the observers.

The Giants had the first whirl at batting, but the Yankees relieving them at 1:15.

Over Fence for Ruth—in Practice.

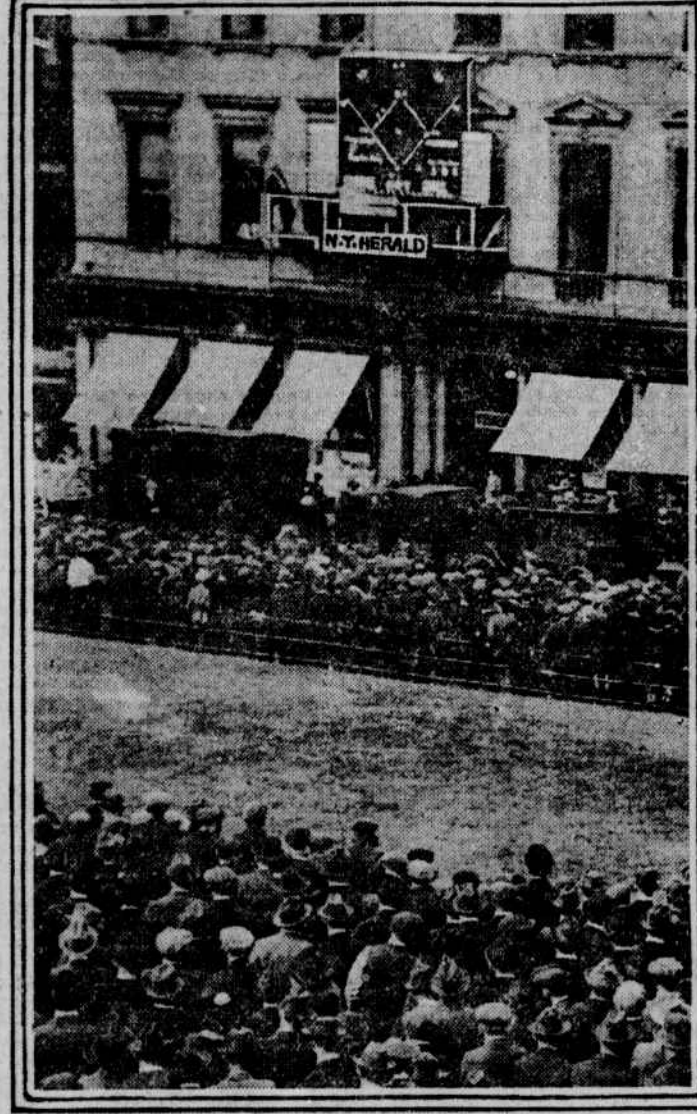
The first thing that Ruth did when he stepped in to bat was to aim a "ball" over the right field fence, a feat that brought almost all in the park up on their toes with deep regret that the game had not started, for a great many. The present went to the game with no other purpose than to see Babe hit a home run. It was 1:30 o'clock by this time, and most of the people that were coming were there. While the Yankees were batting the ball about Hoyt and Mays came out of their dugouts to warm up and Douglas began to throw the ball to Jesse Burkett, the old time outfielder and now coach for the Giants.

The band, which for some time had been quiet, began to boom away again shortly before 2 o'clock, and then appeared in center field, leading a group that included Gov. Miller and Mayor Hylan. The Governor and the Mayor went into their boxes, the latter to a box near that of Judge Landis, and everybody felt that the time had come to start the game.

It was 2:05 when the megaphone man announced that the batteries would be Mays and Schang for the Yankees and Douglas and Snyder for the Giants. The Mayor immediately checked the ball, and the four umpires—Morlarty, Quigley, Chilly and Risher—took their places. At precisely 2:10 o'clock, with Elmer Miller batting, Douglas threw the first ball of the game.

World Series Winners.

1. The Polo Grounds caterer.
 2. The ball players' wallets.
 3. The umpires' bank rolls.
 4. The ball clubs' checkbooks.
 5. The National Commission.
 6. The nerve specialists.
 7. New York.
- Sure world series losers:
1. The sausage and peanut supply.
 2. The fans.
 3. Business.



THIS IS THE NEW YORK HERALD'S scoreboard, operated in direct telegraph communication with the Polo Grounds, thus enabling the reproduction of each play in detail but a few seconds after it has been performed at the ball field.

SIXTH SENSE SEES ON COOGAN'S BLUFF

Crowd on Brim of Heights Over Ball Park Reconstruct Game in Detail.

Three separate crowds were in the world series opening. One sat in the Polo Grounds; two were on Coogan's Bluff. One of the latter joined the lower heights directly in back of the ball park, where all it could see was the scoreboard. It might just as well have watched the progress of the game from City Hall Park, except that there it could not have heard the yell of expectation when the Babe went to bat.

But the other crowd—two or three thousand that looked down from the rocks between 135th and 161st streets—occupied the true connoisseurs of the game. From the angle at which they looked at the ground, part of the outfield was visible, and they could see a bit of the base line from third to home. Those whose oversight was particularly good could make out the figures on the scoreboard. There were many field glasses, so word passed quickly through the crowd.

It was uncanny how these fans on Coogan's Bluff doped out nearly every detail of the game from almost nothing at all. They could reconstruct a play from a yell in the stands. They seemed to be in telegraphic communication with the diamond. Youngsters were in the majority in this crowd—boys who knew the batting average of every man on the field. There were women, too, and not a few substantial looking citizens who appeared well able to afford the unserved seats in the upper grand stand that went a begging.

One of them looked down at the big vacant spaces that still showed in the grand stand after the game had been called and chuckled, highly pleased with himself, as he said:

"I read in the paper this morning where some guy gratted rides all the way down from Auburn, up State, and then stayed up all last night to get a seat. The poor fish. Not me."

When the crowd on Coogan's Bluff, early in the game, saw the Giant's center fielder backing off toward the fence

CITY HALL SQUARE PONY POLO GROUNDS

20,000 Get All Thrills of Game Watching 'Herald' Electric Board.

ALL WORK IS TABOO

Windows and Roofs of Skyscrapers Filled With Excited Fans.

When the game started yesterday there were at least 8,000 persons massed east and south from the southeast corner of Broadway and Chambers street watching the electric score board erected on the south facade of the Stewart Building by THE NEW YORK HERALD and THE SUN.

Before the first inning was over the crowd had increased to 10,000. By the time the Yankees had scored their second run extra policemen had to be called out. On both sides of Broadway south to Park place and east on Chambers to the County Court House steps the throng grew until it had filled in all the sidewalks cutting through City Hall Park west. Nobody counted them. But from the windows of the editorial rooms of THE NEW YORK HERALD one could estimate their numbers by counting the ranks and depths.

And according to such computation there were 15,000 or 20,000 roaring approval by the time Frank Frish made his third hit. It was a most nonpartisan crowd. It didn't care much who won. It was looking for excitement, and, if you do not know it already, watching an electric score board is one of the most certain ways to obtain thrills. Watching the pill flip and whirl around the periphery of a spinning roulette wheel has nothing at all on watching the incandescent lamps flash and sputter on THE NEW YORK HERALD'S score board.

You could see the ball leave the pitcher, hop along to the batter and there stop. Maybe the catcher lamp flashed, indicating the ball had continued past the batter. Maybe the little lamps between home and first began to twinkle, indicating the batter was on his way, having walloped the ball. Maybe he would continue past first, past second and on to third. Or maybe there would be a flash at shortstop or the outfield. The batter had hit safely or had been caught or thrown out.

Better Than Real Game.

Watching an actual game is tame by comparison. There your eyes do the work. Nothing is left for the back of your head to do. But watching THE NEW YORK HERALD'S score board poured heroics upon your imagination and the electric sparks that traced the ball and the hitter touched it off in explosions.

If you think you are too old or too cynical or too experienced or too steeped in sensations to get a thrill out of an electric scoreboard, try standing in front of it when the lights tell you there are two men on base or even one and that Babe Ruth is advancing to the plate. And then, if you think a crowd can't be hypnotized by a few twinkling lights, observe as the pitcher churns the ball in his hands and the huge Ruth begins brandishing his long bat over the rubber square. You can see him crouching.

And then watch that ball leave the pitcher and bobble down toward the plate, knowing that the mightiest slugger that ever swung a bat was ready to drive it into the bleachers if he could reach it. And right here you get the thrill supreme. Yesterday that mob

squealed—not roared, but squealed—when the lamps told them that the ball had reached Ruth. There was no telling what the big fellow had done to it for a second or so. Then the lights announced a ball or a strike or a foul or a fly. Thrilling! Not to a dead man.

The cops had no trouble with the throng. The crowd paid as little attention to the cops as possible. Now and then the cops would ride the crowd back to the sidewalk or herd it closer to the curb after the sidewalks could contain no more, but for the most part the cops, being utterly human, devoted themselves to those flashing lamps.

Quit Jobs for Day.

Some of the most efficient office boys in the city were in the crowd. A number of the best looking stenographers you ever saw clung to curbs for positions. Several thousand young men had quit their jobs for the afternoon to participate in the excitement of watching a set of electric lamps and several thousand more who haven't had any jobs for some time forgot all about their individual troubles (imaginary and real) and yelled for Carl Mays, Babe Ruth, Frank Frish, Willie Schang, George Kelly, Beauty Bancroft and the Meusel boys.

Chris in the Chemical National Bank, having counted up the day's change, took to the roof and manned the upper windows. And all the roofs and windows of the other buildings in Broadway looked as far and including the mischievous set of electric lamps and several thousand more who haven't had any jobs for some time forgot all about their individual troubles (imaginary and real) and yelled for Carl Mays, Babe Ruth, Frank Frish, Willie Schang, George Kelly, Beauty Bancroft and the Meusel boys.

As early as 11:30 boys, carrying boxes, manned the curb on the south side of Chambers street, directly opposite the Stewart Building. They planted the boxes in the sidewalk and then sat on the boxes. And there they sat until it was all over, encouraging incandescent lamps to knock it a mile or run like hell.

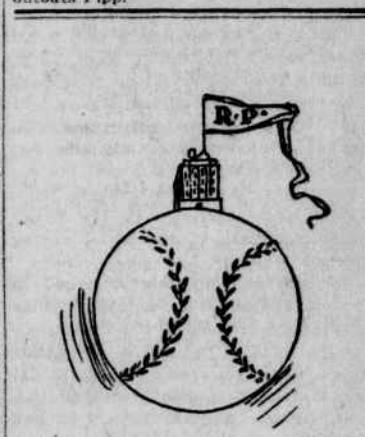
Detective Sergeant Frank Smith, commanding the pickpocket squad from Police Headquarters, failed to locate anybody exploring his neighbor's clothes. And nobody so far forgot the niceties of life as to punch or kick an opposing voter. It was a crowd one could be the cops said. Nobody spoke in behalf of Ireland or Russia or California, and THE NEW YORK HERALD reporter failed to see anything done that he wouldn't have done himself.

Pittsburgh Fans Wager Nearly \$200,000 on Series

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD PITTSBURGH, Oct. 5.—Nearly \$200,000 has been bet in this city on the world series between the Giants and the Yankees. The largest wager reported was made at Kramers Gardens when a well known oil operator placed \$20,000 against \$10,000 on the Giants to win. Several \$5,000 bets were recorded, and bets of \$3,000, \$2,000 and \$500 were listed several times.

Three \$500 bets were made on the

following propositions: That Kelly has a higher batting average than Ruth; that Ruth tops Frish and that Young outbats Pipp.



After yesterday, guess we're all agreed there's just one way to warm up to a World Series—and that's in a good warm overcoat! Fall weights, Winter weights—even ulsters. Ready for you this morning.

While you're at it, might as well look at the new suits—as attractive in pattern as they are in price—you know we're figuring everything on to-day's replacement costs.

Caps. Sweaters. Scotch knit jackets. Mufflers. Wool socks. Warmer underwear.

Steamer rugs are also in order—as fine for the bleachers as they are for the car.

FOUR PEET COMPANY
Broadway at 13th St. "Four Convenient Corners"
Broadway at Warren Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

The Truth About the Chalmers

The truth about the Chalmers is, that it gives the same even, unvarying performance you look for in a car costing much more.

It gives this satisfying performance at a low cost of upkeep and operation.

Chalmers owners will tell you this. They will back up what they say with facts and figures. Ask any Chalmers owner—today.

MAXWELL-CHALMERS-DISTRIBUTING CORP.
1808 Broadway, Corner 59th Street
TELEPHONE CIRCLE 5550
OPEN EVENINGS
Bronx Branch: 175th STREET AND GRAND CONCOURSE
Telephone Tremont 4914

Glidden Motor and Supply Co.
239 West 58th St., at Broadway

Authorized Exchange Dealers in
New & Used
Offer the Following:

Quantity	Make	Mo't	Type	No. Cyl	Price
1	BUICK	D 45	Touring	6	\$350
1	BUICK	E 45	Touring	6	400
1	BUICK	E 49	Touring	6	450
3	BUICK	H 45	Touring	6	575
3	BUICK	H 49	Touring	6	650
3	BUICK	K 45	Touring	6	850

World Series Tickets

Bought and Sold
Royal Theatre Ticket Co.,
1568 Broadway
In the United Cigar Store
TEL. BRYANT 3900-3901-3902

